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FOREWORD.

THE CLASS OF 1900 inaugurated the custom of publishing a Tropaeum, representing in a general way the work done by the High School and particularly dwelling on the Senior class. Succeeding classes have not left their volumes but the Seniors of '08 present this, their Tropaeum to the friends and alumni of the B. H. S.

18864

BUTLER PUBLIC SCHOOL

THE BUTLER SCHOOLS.

The New School House was built in the summer and early fall of 1905 at a cost of $18,500.

About two weeks after Christmas holidays the schools were transported from store buildings, churches and numerous other edifices, where school was temporarily held, to the new structure which was built upon the same site as the old one. It is properly lighted and ventilated, and has a heating system which is very efficient. Fresh warm air is taken from the outside and forced into the rooms by means of a large fan which is run by an eight horse power gasoline engine. The rooms are large and conveniently arranged. The assembly room, office, English room and laboratory are on the second floor. The library is on the first floor. It is not as extensive as is necessary, but books are being added yearly and it is hoped that in a short time we will have a complete reference library. This is not a recent need, nor is it a whim of the pupils, for there is an evident lack of facilities for mental culture along this line. The gymnasium, also, is not properly furnished, and unless more interest is manifested in athletics than heretofore, it will not be fully equipped for some time to come.

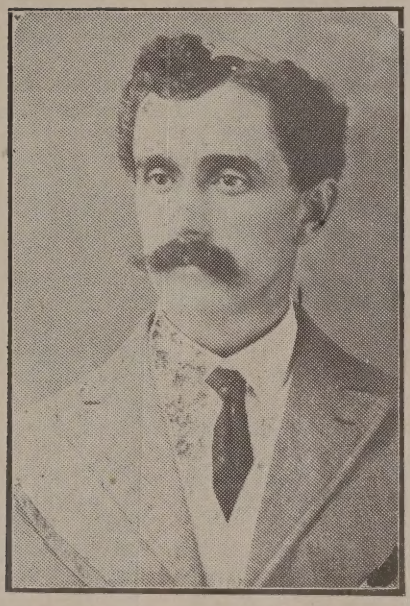
Under the able management of Supt. H. R. Bean and efficient corps of teachers the standard of the school has been gradually but surely raised, until we feel that as good work is done in the Butler schools as in any other school in Northern Indiana.

THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

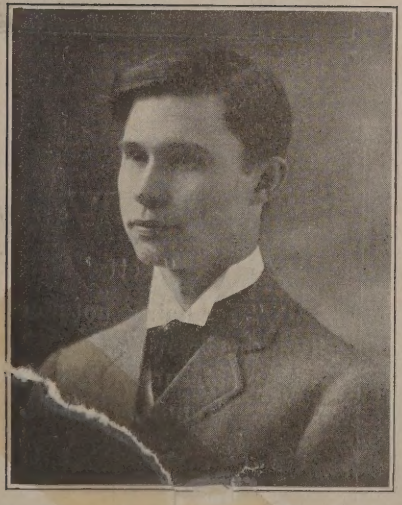
TROPAEUM BOARD.

Mildred Kenestrick	Editor-in-chief
Grace Lowe, Besse Wiley,	Associate Editors
Cleve Grube	Grind Editor
Floyd Tappen	Exchange Editor
Rollo Wiley	Athletic Editor
Floyd Elliott	Art Editor
Millard Stone	Business Manager
Hubert Farnsworth	Ass't Business Manager
Rosalie Wiley	Junior Reporter
Jannet Mason	Sophomore Reporter
Roy E. Apt	Freshman Reporter

THE FACULTY.



SUPT. H. R. BEAN.



J. LEROY AUSTIN,
Principal.

MAUD S. ARMSTRONG,
Assistant Principal.

Floyd Elliott

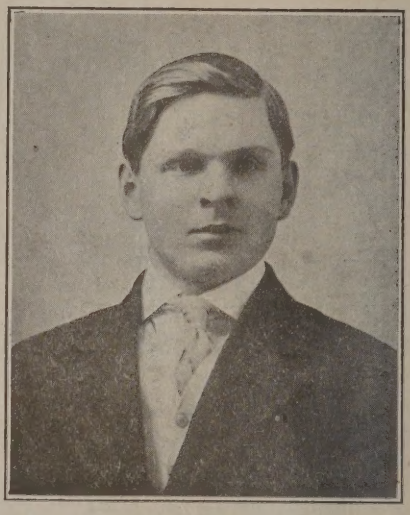
"Chuck."

"One may smile and smile and be a villain."
Class President, Baseball, Tennis Editorial Staff.

Hubert Farnsworth

"Sunshine F."

"I like to wind my mouth up,—I love to hear it go."
Class Secretary, Tennis, Editoral Staff..



Besse Wiley

"Betty"

"Her hair is not more sunny than her heart."
Class Treasurer, Editorial Staff, Tennis, Debater.

Floyd Tappen

"Doc."

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Editorial Staff.

Grace Lowe

"Gracious."

"And her gifted mind shone brightly out
In her fair and youthful face."

Editorial Staff.

Cleve Grube

"Pus."

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Editorial Staff, Baseball, Tennis.

Iva Smith

"Ivy."

"Her winning smile and gleeful glance,
Like a beam of sunlight fell."

Millard Stone

"Stonie."

"The ladies call him sweet."
Editorial Staff, Tennis, Baseball.

Mabelle Murch

"Mab."

"Built like a mosquito—long and slim."

Debater.

Rollo Wiley

"Has None."

"No case for me! Woman! I wouldn't give a penny for the lot."

Debater, Tennis, Editorial Staff.

Mildred Kenestrick

"Peggy."

"She's a twinkle in her eye, she's a flirt."

Debater, Editorial Staff, Tennis.

CLASS MOTTO—Make Good.

CLASS COLORS—Crimson and Cream.

CLASS FLOWER—Sweet Pea.

CLASS YELL—Who's great?
We're great!
B. H. S.
Naught eight.

Juniors.

We the class of '09 entered upon our career as Freshmen in the old Knisely building on north and South Main Street. We were the largest in number, the best behaved, as well as the greenest class in the High School. Among the social events of the season, was a "Freshie Dutch Supper in the Lookout." We all certainly enjoyed our lunch very much after purchasing it for the *second* time. By quizzing this year's Seniors you will find out why this was necessary. Shortly after Holidays we removed into the new schoolhouse, which was a great change for the better.

All of us passed with flying colors into the Sophomore class and began to act real dignified, as we had lost our green coat which it is evident the lower class had assumed re-dyed. These "little ones" aroused what they termed High School spirit—really "Infant Egotism"—which consisted mostly in putting up beautiful(?) figureheads by night and having them removed the following day by the Lordly Sophomores.

Last fall found us finally one of the upper classes, the Junior Philanthropists. Some of our class-mates moved away, others left school—but none flunked—till now we only have one-third of our original number. Small in quantity, but Oh! how great in quality! We have won the honor and respect of the lofty and dignified(?) Seniors. But the reason is very easily seen as—well—they want us to lavish banquets, etc., upon them. We sympathize with and pity the poor wee Freshies of the present, and think they are really doing themselves credit, and the Sophies also are doing first-rate, since they feel strongly the new honor of having a higher rank in the minds of the upper classes.

It is the desire and wish of each and every-one of the Juniors to enter school next fall as Seniors, and leave the old B. H. S. rich in the honors bestowed upon it by the brilliant and remarkable achievements of the greatest of all classes '09.

Sophomores.

We have now reached that period in our career where we awaken to the astonishing fact that there still remains something for us to learn. Last year we wended our way to school, in all the pride of our new book-bags, in honor of the occasion, which contained "The Essentials of Algebra"—the "Essentials" rubbed against an apple which mother had put in at the last moment. We came with the firm conviction that the next four years were simply to put a gloss and finish on our already completed education. The first semester was only a troubled dream. Towards the middle of the second half we discarded the bags, and carried our books to and from school on our aching arms, because "They" (Seniors) did not use them. Book-bags among many other comfortable things had to be cast aside as relics of our infantile days. As the end of the year approached those awful things called finals loomed up before us. Most of us went through the ordeal fairly creditably, more by sheer luck than knowledge—(sh—don't tell the faculty!), and we looked forward to the next year as one for the improvement of our minds. In September of 1907 the girls came to school with their hair done up and their skirts lengthened, while the boys were still conscious of their long trousers. By much study of books, by observations and imitations we are able to assume that wise look hitherto thought the especial property of upper class-men, so that when a stranger visits school we hope against hope that we may be taken for Juniors or if by chance the visitor be unsophisticated, Seniors.

Freshmen.

We, the Freshman of this year, are tho't to be wonders. We have neither little white wings nor hoofs and horns, altho the Faculty doubt the latter. We lead the other classes in the subject of deportment marks, and are often the guests of the Principal in his office, for which we are heaped with honors. But do not be deceived by this for we cannot recite the Latin and Mathematics off by heart as the other classes do, but consider that we are as yet just Freshmen and not old enough to stand the publicity which a great name calls forth.

MOTTO:—"Work while you work, play while you play,
Work whom you can work, every day."

P. S. By a Senior.

Experience is acknowledged the world over to be the best teacher. Four or five months ago the mandate of the all powerful Seniors was issued to the innocent and unsuspecting Freshies, demanding that they write up a brief account of their trials and temptations, their discoveries and their ambitions, to be placed here upon this page as an undying monument of their triumphs and achievements. All Freshmen are universally classed among the slowest moving machines ever invented, but this bunch has certainly won the medal. From time to time they have had their memories and their elbows jogged by the untiring Seniors, but all to no purpose. The week has arrived for the annual to go to press, and the results of their year's work is displayed in the foregoing. Egotism is the predominating characteristic of each and every effort which they put forth, as is clearly shown in their short "Elegy." We sincerely hope that before Father Time has sealed up another year of their school lives, they will begin to realize the opportunities lying open before them, and in next year's Tropeaum change this direful elegy into a song of victory and triumph.

Genises.

1. In the beginning we were created Freshmen, for we were in bad form, void of intellect and innocent.

2. And a great darkness settled over the countenances of the Faculty when they beheld us.

3. And our names were inscribed upon the rolls; and we were given seats and were told to look wise. But we could not.

4. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

5. And the Prof. said on the following day, let all students, Seniors and Freshman alike, gather themselves together in the office that I may address them.

6. And as he spoke some wept and some slept, but we from a front row listened and lost not one word, for verily we were afraid.

7. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

8. And she that was to teach us Latin, coming suddenly face to face with us grew pale, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth and she there almost gave up the ghost.

9. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

10. And we seeing upper class men wearing ribbons fastened with the emblem of their rank, did hie ourselves hence and procure some. And the market place was that day enriched twofold.

11. And that was enuf for the fourth day.

12. And when we heard that our emblem, which we had unfurled from the flagstaff with innumerable difficulties, was about to be trampled in the dust, we all came near unto death.

13. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

14. And the King said let all Freshmen assembled at the temple that we may defend ourselves against these wicked ones. And verily, we did.

15. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

16. And on the seventh day we did all lay down, saying, We are unionists and will not labor too long at a time.

17. And it came to pass as we grew tired of studying, that we, each of us, did betake ourselves to green fields and pleasant woods.

18. And the Faculty did get their heads together and placed a curse upon the student body. And verily those were sore days.

19. And when that year was ended we beheld the coming of the second and marvelled at the few things yet to be learned.

I. CHRONICLES.

1. And we being one year older looked with contempt on those called Freshmen; and did trample upon them and steal their Dutch lunches.

2. And when one of those ignorant beings put pepper on the stove, a great stench arose for it was early autumn.

3. In this year were done many strange and wonderful things.

4. And as the days were added to each other we took up our

abode in another and grander temple.

5. And many becoming restless and vexed at the "cincherine" whom we called Prof, dropped by the wayside.

6. And those who went out from among us were: the two Harry's, whose surnames were Redeker and Shoub, Gladys of the Stout family, Homer whose last name is immoral and Sammie Freeburn, the small lad.

II. CHRONICLES.

1. In the third year of our reign when we had established ourselves and had waxed exceeding wise, the Faculty seeing we were very smart did sit down upon us and straightway we were squelched.

2. And the Treasurer said, Let money be forthcoming and immediately we got busy and became talented actors. And the money came forth.

3. And this year did we learn many strange and wonderful things delving in the earth for roots and bulbs.

REVELATIONS.

1. The revelation of a Senior which the Faculty gave unto him, to show unto his co-sufferers things which must shortly come to pass.

2. To the members of the Senior class who are yet in the wilderness do I declare these things.

3. I was in good spirits on a certain day and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet.

4. And I turned to see the voice that spake unto me and being turned beheld a familiar form, clothed from head to foot in rich raiment.

5. He had in his right hand eleven rolls of parchment, and out of his mouth came words of praise and encouragement.

6. And he spake, saying, These are the few who have persevered and worshipped the God of Knowledge.

7. And he continued; Depart from us ye cursed of the Devil, who do not strive for higher things, we will have none of your damnable reputation joined to ours.

8. And when we heard these sayings we marvelled among ourselves, but went our way with our diplomas and took up our labors of admonishing the young.

Farewell.

We the Juniors bid the class of '08 a sorrowful farewell. Many and pleasant have been the hours which we have spent together within the walls of the B. H. S. These two classes have worked side by side for three years and each year has added new strength to the already firm ties of friendship. But now we realize that the time has come for severing these ties, however we hope that some at least of these two classes will be able to spend three more joyful years together within the walls of one of our leading universities. So wishing the class of '08 prosperity and the best of success, we bid you, what we hope, only a temporary farwell.

H. K. Tess, '09.

ATHLETICS

Athletics is and should be one of the prime interests of a school. It is sanctioned by all the leading colleges of today and considered a necessity for maintaining the life of the institution. It is a generally acknowledged fact that the strongest minds and intellects are found with strong, healthy bodies. In school life the physical must be developed enough to keep pace with the mental, and such is the purpose of athletics.

Tennis.

A year ago last fall a dozen or so of the students organized a tennis club, the initiation fee being seventy-five cents. A court was constructed on the school ground and during the year, whenever conditions allowed, it was the centre of athletic interest. This year still more interest was taken in it. One of the attractions was the contest games

held weekly during the fall. Members of the Senior class hold the championship for these games. "Jakey" a Senior whom we are proud of became very efficient at the game. He had a special which he called a "cincher." But alas! it was often "cinched." A short time ago the boys scraped and rolled the court for playing this spring.

The membership of the club is now about twenty-five. The Senior class hopes to see the interest in tennis and athletics in general grow. '09 it is up to you to see that it does. Can you do it?

Baseball.

The baseball team organized on the 2nd of March. The games in view for the season are: Edgerton, Auburn, Hicksville and Bryan with a return game for each one.

The team is as follows:

Pitcher -	Floyd Elliott	Short stop -	Millard Stone
Catcher -	Ernest Hose	Left field -	Vern Pifer
First baseman -	Cleve Grube	Center field -	Guy Cosper
Second baseman	Harmon Parker	Right field -	Coy Pifer
Third baseman -	Ross Firestone		

Subs. - - Hubert Farnsworth and Rollo Wiley

Success to the B. H. S. in athletics!

Football.

The Butler High School experienced great and stirring events in athletics this year. It was somewhat eclipsed by the interest taken in debating, at which the school has made no mean record so far. A football team organized early in the year, Millard Stone being elected captain. For various reasons they joined the city boys. Several games were played. The game with Bryan on Thanksgiving day was a hard battle. It ended with a score 0 to 0. At the games with Hicksville and Montpelier our boys were beaten but considering the practice they had had they made a very creditable showing. One game was played with Fremont with a score 6 to 0 in our favor.

Debating.

The Butler High School Debating Club was organized October 11, 1907, with Millard Stone as president. Bi-monthly meetings were held on Friday evening in the English room of the high school building. Soon after the Christmas Holidays, Auburn was challenged to an inter-high-school debate. The challenge was accepted, Auburn naming the subject: "Resolved that the government of England is more truly and directly in the hands of her people than is the government of the United States in the hands of her people."

Butler chose to defend the affirmative of the question. The debaters were: Butler—Harold Tess, Miss Besse Wiley and Miss Mildred Kenestrick; Auburn—Miss Viola May, Miss Edna Provines and Fred Shearer. E. B. Dunten of Butler, Dan Link of Auburn, and Prof. Fairfield of Angola, served as judges.

The debate was held March 6, at Auburn. The debate was a very creditable one for both sides. The Butler debaters had their arguments the more logically arranged and were decidedly the better on delivery. The affirmative won the decision by a per cent of 82 5-9 to 77 5-11.

A return debate will be held at Butler on April 17. The subject is: "Should the U. S. government own the inter-state railroad, telegraph, and express systems?" Auburn chose to defend the negative of the question. The debaters were: Butler—Rollo Wiley, Miss Mabelle Murch and Miss Jannet Mason, Auburn—Gilbert DeLapp, Miss Myrtle Hornberger and Miss Bonell Souder. The debate promises to be an interesting one and will undoubtedly be a closer one than that of March 6.

Debating gives a valuable training to those who take part. The power to think and speak well when before an audience is of great use to an individual at the present time and will undoubtedly become more and more useful as the complexity of our institutional life increases.

When High School days are over,
The brightest days of life,
And we have entered into
This world of toil and strife;
When our schoolmates and our friends
Are scattered thru the world,
'Neath foreign skys, 'Mid foreign climes,
By Fate's cruel hand they're hurled
Then will we take this dear book up,
And read each grind and joke,
Thinking of those who wrote them,
And of many things they've spoke,
Not knowing if they'd hit or not
Knowing not and caring less
Ah! then we'll wish that we were back
In the dear old B. H. S.

John Blaker, '09.

Pictures of Pictures.

Picture our sweet little Sunshiny Jake
A landscape without him would all be a fake.
Picture "Pus" Grube out on a farm—
Put him some place where he'll do no harm.
Picture Preach Parker out on a bike,
He's not a bit lazy, just refuses to hike,
But he beats all the cars on the Vandalia pike,
He's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Prof. Bean with his Algebra class,
Overtime working—poor lad and poor lass.
Picture Ross Firestone taking a drink,
Picture Miss Higley stopping to think,
Picture Post Wells with a cigarette—
It's a combination we haven't seen yet,
But when we do you all can just bet
Its a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Mab Murch ariding her pony,
See the beast balk, without ceremony.
Picture Maud S. when she strolls 'round with Murch,
Its a "cinch" they think not of the pedagogue's birch.
Picture Stoney whose heart is nigh broken,
The stone part is melted—the rest is a "soaken,"
His sweetheart has left him without sign or token,
He's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Miss Nimmons stepping three feet
To keep pace with the boys—now she can't be beat.
Picture our Dolly hunting a beau,
She wants one with whiskers and plenty of dough.
Picture Miss Edith staying out late
Swinging with Bob on the back garden gate.
Trying her best to make a new date—
Its a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Miss Baker and a great big tall beau
It's a picture we haven't seen yet—don't you know.
Picture Miss Garber reciting a piece,
Give us a rest, do dry up, and cease!
Picture Miss Huffman chewing her nails,
Albert Eviston pulling puppy-dogs' tails,
Guy Rummel hunting for bull-frogs and snails,
They are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture Grace Lowe breaking a rule,
Laid down by the pedagogues here in this school.
Picture Miss Smith following out her example

For a pattern of innocence here's a good sample.
Picture John Blaker and his electric machine,
His new-fangled airship will shortly be seen,
Soon some other new fakes—incidentals between,
Its a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Miss Whit in a bathing suit
Now don't you think she'd look very cute?
Picture Chuck Elliot when he is sad.
Picture Doc Tappen when he is glad.
Picture Jack ariding a mule
Falling off and calling himself a d—— fool,
This is the way he does as a rule
He's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Harris trying to flirt,
Getting scarred and falling headlong in the dirt.
Picture Rollo out on a bum
To get him back home—you'll have to go some.
Picture Ollie combing her hair,
Picture Coy Pifer cross as a bear,
Picture Grayce W. free from all care
These are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture Peggy chewing her gum
I guess she knows how to make it go some.
Picture J. Leroy 'mong his plants and his bugs,
He loves cats and dogs, from Maltese down to Pugs.
Picture Rosalie canceling a date,
Picture the poor boy when she's sealed up his fate,
O, these things are all too sad to relate,
Its a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Blondie winking her eye
At one of the boys—all on the sly.
She's a typical type of a Leap-year girl,
She needs no start to set hearts in a whirl.
Picture our Bromo learning his Dutch,
Its a picture that never is seen very much,
We think we will label it boldly "None Such"—
He's a picture no artist can paint.

Besse Wiley, 08.

LITERATURE

A Song of Summer.

O, list to the katy-did out in the clover—
The clover whose gay robes have faded to brown.
It is trying to tell us that summer is over,
And all the green leaves will soon flutter down.

O, why do you come with this message of sadness
Disturbing the peace of a quiet summer's day?
Our hearts were so filled with contentment and gladness,
O, why do you drive this dear feeling away?

Why could we not live through the very last day,
Without the forewarning that on the tomorrow,
The beauties of nature would all fade away
And leave us to mourn their departure with sorrow.

So it is in the summer of glad happy youth,
When our pathway is lit with the sweetness of love.
The whole world is full of rich goodness and truth,
The stars are so bright in the heavens above.

Yet thus to each soul comes a low whispered warning,
That we soon must enter the battle of strife.
We too will awake and discover some morning
That we are afloat on the broad sea of life.

O, may we all to this warning take heed,
And in our school-life keep a purpose in mind.
So may we ever in each thought and deed,
Perfect delight and true happiness find.

Besse Wiley, '08.

Did She Scrub the Steps?

"This is positively the hottest day I ever saw; it's as bad as being alone in the wilds of Africa,—every one is asleep or cross as a bear, and its too warm for tennis or golf. This absolute quiet is wearing on me. Really I'm afraid I'll become illnatured—wish I had some one to talk to." The speaker was a pretty girl, who was sitting on the shady veranda of a summer hotel; near her stood a table upon which was a glass of lemonade and a choice collection of fans which she explained she was too warm to think of using.

"Very much obliged for the comp," returned a young man in white ducts, who was lolling on the veranda steps, "if I wasn't so comfy I'd get up and thank you with my best bow."

"How those servants could stand it to tog up and go off on a jaunt

across country on a day like this is more than I can understand; of course its their afternoon out, but why weren't they content to stay here and at least try to be cool. I wonder how that sick woman they took away this morning is now. Believe I'll walk down by the river to a nice cool place and—no I don't want any company—good-bye."

Jim McArthur watched the pretty figure of the girl as she walked away, wondering as he did so, why Sidney Trayman was so preverse and would never listen to him when he told her of his love for her. Love! He'd followed her for two years now, from the city to the seashore, from the seashore to the country and back to the city and he declared to himself (as he never had the chance to unburden himself to her) with all the customary ardor of lovers that he would follow her to the "ends of the earth." His revery was interrupted by the appearance of a man riding up the shady drive on a bicycle. As he came nearer McArthur saw he was in the uniform of a policeman. "Wonder if we're harboring a thief or a murderer," tho't Jim.

"Hey, you there! Where's Mrs. Smith?" naming the proprietor of Meadow Brook.

"Asleep, like all sensible people in this beastly heat. What's the row?"

"O, nothing at all. I've only ridden twenty miles in this sun to this blasted place to see that none of you people get away," making a vain attempt to appear calm, "you're under quarantine."

"Quarantine!" gasped Jim. "Great Scot, what for?"

"Smallpox. That woman they took away this morning had it, and every one in this house will have to stay for two weeks. Just my luck," he grumbled on "to be sent on a job like this.—I'll have the willies for a fair out here among the swells with nothing to do." He went into the house in search of Mrs. Smith leaving McArthur on the porch.

It seemed as tho' the news spread like wild fire, for within ten minutes nearly all the inmates of the hotel were on the hitherto deserted veranda, excitedly discussing the recent calamity. Mrs. Smith was in hysterics at the tho't of a quarantine in connection with her aristocratic place. Some of the people were angry, others treated the whole thing as a joke, but all realized that they must stay, regardless of plans and personal interests.

"Well, at least there are the servants and we shall be no worse off than before," said pretty Mrs. Lawton, a dainty woman who was the wife of a New York financier.

Then the horrible blow came—there were no servants! Since they had gone out for the afternoon of course they would not be allowed to return. Every one simply stood and stared at each other. McArthur was the first to recover from the surprise and shock. Drawing a long breath he said, "I suppose the only thing to do, is for each one to do his share of the work and get along the best we can. Why really, "brightening," I think that would be jolly—just like camping out. Come on, let's appoint some one as 'boss' and then things will go swimmingly."

The crowd caught some of his enthusiasm, tho' they accepted work

as an amusement rather doubtfully, and elected Jim manager-in-chief.

"To begin with," he commenced in a business like tone, "how many of us are there? Twenty? Good! We'll now proceed to divy up. What can each one do best?"

Again there was silence then a young girl spoke dubiously, "I---I can make welch rarebit and toast and tea." This was greeted with a shout of laughter, but broke the ice, and soon every one was talking eagerly of his or her accomplishments and within twenty or thirty minutes every one had been appointed to a place. Towards the last it was hard to find occupations for all, but as they had decided that no one could eat unless they had some duty and had duly performed it, all were eager for places.

Jnst at this point Sidney Trayman came strolling up the path as calm and serene as a summer morn. A look of surprise came over her face as she saw the motley looking group in front of Meadow Brook. Indeed it was a strange sight; McArthur was still mounted on a chair where he had stood to oversee the appointments, aristocratic Mrs. Todd was waving a dish cloth, Mrs. Lofter was brandishing the broom, Tom Murson was coming up the garden path carrying a basket filled with vegetables. As soon as she was within hearing, they began to shout explanations.

"We're quarantined"---

"Small pox"---

"Every one has to work,"

"We're having a circus" and so on.

At last it was explained to her; then the question came up, what should Sidney do.

"The only thing left is the office of scrub maid," said Jim, "so you'll have to scrub the steps."

"Indeed," flashed Sidney, "and why will I have to scrub?"

"Now see here, Sidney, we're all turning in; and you'll have to do as the rest. It is my duty to enforce the law so unless you scrub you can't eat," urged Jim. But Sidney's temper was roused and she declared she would *never* scrub those steps which was the duty of the maid in question and over which she rebelled.

"I'll never do it," she said and walked off to her apartments the very picture of decision.

The crowd soon thinned out, as the cooks and assistant cooks had to think of dinner

"Perhaps I was too dictatorial," thought Jim, "but now I can't turn back and perhaps she will give in."

"O dear! Why was I such a baby," grumbled Sidney as she reached her own room. "I won't do it now though, if I have to starve."

The summer boarders were determined to have as good a time as possibly, so casting aside all formalities they were as happy as children. Consequently no one noticed Sidney's absence nor Jim's pre-occupation. It was a beautiful evening and McArthur thought Sidney might come out for a walk in the moonlight, but she did not appear and he retired in no peaceful state of mind.

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"She'll probably give up in the morning, but I can't bear to think of her going to bed without her dinner."

He finally slept but not restfully and awoke the next morning out of sorts with himself and everyone else, particularly Sidney Trayman.

Sidney also went to bed unhappy but thinking more of Jim than ever before.

"I don't believe he loves me after all, but I never saw him look so strong as when he said I had to scrub those steps before I could eat. I believe I'll do it in the morning to surprise him."

With this intention she slept. The next morning when she arose and went down stairs the first person she met was Jim McArthur. He was very much displeased with himself and every thing, as we have said, and consequently did not look very amiable.

"Where are you going?" he demanded. His very tone antagonized Sidney and with a toss of her head she replied, "To breakfast, of course,---have you any objection?"

"Yes, I have. As I told you Sidney, no one is to eat until they have performed their duties. Unfortunately I have been chosen to execute this, and disagreeable as it is, I must say you'll have to scrub those steps before breakfast."

Without replying, Sidney turned and walked off in the direction of the river.

"O what a brute I've been," starting after her and there checking himself. "No, I can't give up so easily, I'll wait a little."

All day McArthur cursed himself for being six or seven different kinds of asses, and finally decided to go to her and ask pardon for his brutality, before dinner. To his repeated knockings he got no reply, so he thought he must have "queered himself for good."

Sidney was as miserable as possible and stayed out of doors all day, so it was not strange that Jim received no reply to his overtures for peace. She was unhappy and hungry, about the worst state a girl can be in.

"I suppose he'll think I'm nothing but a stubborn child, so to-night I'll go and scrub those abominable steps."

That night about 12:30 a forlorn figure might have been seen stealing out of the big door with a pailful of water in one hand and several minute handkerchiefs in the other.

"O dear! Why didn't I give in before?" and salt water mingled with the water in the pail.

She was alarmed to hear a step behind her, and upon turning she saw McArthur. She looked instinctively for a hiding place, but as none was near, she turned to meet him. He had been unable to sleep and had come out for a stroll in the moonlight. When he saw Sidney he was undecided what to do, but upon seeing her tear-stained face, he exclaimed, "What a brute I've been," and then started toward her. Sympathy was more than Sidney could bear and breaking into tears again. She sobbed, "I'm (tears and sobs) so sorry (tears and ditto) and so hungry."

In a moment---well it was kind of the moon to disapper behind a cloud just then.

Jannet Mason, '10.

An Automobile Episode.

"Oh, we'll be alright, and you don't need to worry about us," replied Ruth Thornton bravely, to her friends that were cautiously advising her. "Here, Don, jump up in the seat, and we will soon be speeding home at the rate of a century limited," she continued, talking confidingly to a large Dane dog that looked up wistfully into her eyes.

Ruth was the only child, and naturally had been petted and indulged so much, that at the age of eighteen her wishes were seldom crossed and never denied. She had left home early in the morning in her new auto, intending to spend the day with a friend who lived about fifteen miles away. Her father had been greatly opposed to her going alone, but after much coaxing and pouting he was compelled as usual to let her have her own way.

Ruth had had such a good time that she had almost forgotten about going home, but the approaching darkness had warned her of the time, and with the dog beside her she was soon bounding along the highway at a fearful rate, regardless of the many lurches that the car gave. The dog looked proudly down the road, and every now and then he would lick his lips with his long red tongue, and look up at her inquisitively, as much as to say, "Aren't we goin' some?"

They soon reached a lonesome country road about ten miles from home; no houses in sight, and the tall dark trees that stood on either side made the appearance more gloomy. Sudddenly she noticed that the speed slackened, and after many jerks and lurches the car came to a standstill.

"Well, what's happened," she exclaimed somewhat irritated, "I wonder if anytihng has broken." She got out of the car, looked up and down the road to see if anyone was coming. Being assured that no one was in sight, she began to talk to Don.

"What in the world will we do! I just wonder if---Oh, I know, she quickly added, maybe it needs cranking," and with this she immediately preceeded to "crank" it' which required no little effort. She got into the car again and threw back the lever, but no motion was made.

"Goodness, probably I didn't crank it enough," she said somewhat illhumoredly, "I wonder if I have that book of 'Rules and Regulations.'" The book was soon found, but her searching was all in vain, and throwing it down in disgust, she burst into a flood of tears. Poor Don! He looked first at his mistress, then at the machine, and with almost human intelligence expressed his sympathy by many a piteous whine. "Oh, dear!" sobbed Ruth, "if only I had let Jack come with me, we would have been home long ago, and now maybe we will have to stay here all night. Her revengeful spirit soon vanished when she thought of Jack, and how curtly she had refused his company that morning, in order to show her independence. In her desolation she became aware of the fact that she was wrong, and that it was folly for her to believe everything she had heard, especially when the author was a person who was very jealous of her.

She was aroused from these thoughts by a noise, and looking up she saw some one coming on foot. Don, who had already assumed the position of guard, was growling fiercely, and keeping a close watch upon the approaching stranger.

"Well, are you stranded?" called out a familiar voice, which Don recognized, and was soon jumping up and down in ecstacy.

"O, is that you, Jack? What are you doing out here?"

"Your parents are nearly frantic, so I came after you. I telephoned to your friends and they said you had left there at half past seven, and had taken this road. So I came to a place near here on a car, and as I could get no accommodations, I decided to start afoot and meet you. Have you had a break-down?"

"O, no," replied Ruth sighing, "I just wanted to fill the gasoline tank."

"Well, I'll help you" he replied kindly, and opening the tank he exclaimed, "Why how's this? The tank is full already."

"It is? Well I wanted to---er---I wanted to---to light the lights."

"But the lamps are lit, for they were the first thing I saw when I came over the hill. I'll see if the machine is alright."

He soon found the part which was not working well, and in a few minutes had everything ready.

"Now Ruth," he said, turning toward the girl, "before you start, I want to ask you a question. Do you always intend to treat me like you have been in the last few days? If my attentions are unbearable, I can soon leave and---"

"But, Jack, you don't intend to---"

"Oh, no, of course I will help you home, for your father would be greatly frightened if I would leave you here all alone, and much displeased with me if I should do so," he replied, as he helped her into the car.

For some time Ruth was silent, for she knew he meant every word he said. At last the silence became very embarrassing, and she ventured to make matters right by saying, "I guess it doesn't pay to believe everything you hear. I knew it was wrong in the beginning, but I wanted---"

"Wanted to have your own way as usual," he replied mischievously. *Mabelle Murch, 08.*

The Unlucky Mirror.

"Oh, John, you can never guess what has happened! Oh, you could never guess, its just simply splendid, and so dear of Aunt Deborah!" Little Mrs. Gertrude Scott fairly danced with delight while her face shone with ecstacy. "The expressman brought it this morning," she rambled on, "its perfectly beautiful and I could scarcely wait till you came home so you could see it too."

"I give it up, Gertie. "What is it anyway? It must be something fine, I'm sure."

At this juncture Mrs. Scott grasped his coat sleeve, and fairly dragged him up the narrow little walk that led to the side door. Still holding his sleeve, she led him into the little dining-room where pink and white geraniums blossomed in little red pots in the south window. Everything was spotlessly clean though very modest. There on the small square dining-room table spread with its snowy cloth lay a magnificent table mirror. Its polished surface shone and sparkled, and especially so when the sunbeams filtered in through the curtains and danced upon it. The stalwart John smiled as he saw the happy winsome face of his little wife mirrored there in a silver frame of roses.

"It certainly is a beauty, Gertie," he said, as he gazed with admiring eyes, but what possessed Aunt Deborah to send it to us? You know how terribly opposed she was to me?

"Yes, dear, I know," continued his excited wife, "but wasn't she the dearest, sweetest thing living to send it to us? Wouldn't I like to hug her right away and tell her how perfectly beautiful we think it is! And now you know, John, she wasn't opposed to you personally, but she thought we would both be too extravagant to get married and go to house-keeping on so small a salary. But we're just the happiest people living, in spite of our seventy-five dollar salary, aren't we, dear?"

"You're a trump, Gertie," said John as he gallantly stooped to kiss her, "and really Aunt Deborah is'nt half so bad after all."

When supper was over that evening Gertrude exclaimed, "Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely to have a little round dining-room table to go with the mirror? Oh, just wouldn't that be splendid?"

"Yes indeed, that would be fine, and I'm hoping that it won't be but a little while till we can have one, and leather-bottomed dining chairs to boot." said John.

"Say, John," said Mrs. Scott in a timid little voice, "do you suppose we could get one now on the installment plan? I read in the paper today of a house on North Broadway that did business on the installment plan, and you only had to pay two dollars a month till you had it paid. Lets see, she continued wrinkling her brow with the weight of the problem, "that would be 7 cents a day. Don't you suppose we could get one now, John, it seems as though I just can't wait!"

All the while Mrs. Scott had been tugging energetically at John's coat sleeve, and when he said, "Just as you like, dear," in an indulgent tone, she kissed him and "That's just like you, John," she murmured, "its always 'just as I say.' "

The next evening when Mr. Scott came home from work his wife led him in triumph into the dining-room where stood the installment-plan table in its new abode. It was made of walnut, very simple in design, but beautiful.

"Well isn't that just splendid," exclaimed John, as he surveyed the room with a satisfied glance. "It's a 'beaut,' Gertie, and just sets off the whole house. We'll never miss the seven cents a day, and I'm glad

you thought about the installment plan."

"And, John," said Mrs. Scott, "they had four lovely dining-room chairs, just to match the table. You would only have to pay a dollar a month for them, so that would make ten and one half cents a day. I figured it all out this afternoon. Do you suppose we could afford them?"

To which John replied, "Get them if you like, Gertie, but remember the salary is only seventy-five dollars a month. However, I guess we can manage, alright."

So the next day came four dining-room chairs, which matched the table splendidly. As one thing calls for another, in due time came a Wilton rug and a leather-covered stool, which raised the daily expenditure fifteen cents.

One evening about a week later as Mr. and Mrs. Scott were just entering the dining room door, Mrs. Scott broke out abruptly, "I tell you, dear, there is just one thing lacking to make everything complete in this room and that is a little picture to hang up above the table. That would just give a finishing touch to everything."

John looked dubious, but rather than see his wife disappointed he assured her of his willingness for her to get the picture.

The next day she purchased it and thought she would surprise her husband by having it put up when he came home for supper

She donned her little ruffled apron and then succeeded in carrying in the heavy step-ladder and depositing it in the spot above which she expected to hang the picture. She then cautiously mounted the ladder, hammer and nail in hand. She drove the nail where she thought the picture ought to hang, and then began to descend the ladder after the picture.

But, alas! alas! the treacherous ladder tipped, and when, in reaching wildly for something to save herself, she grasped the embroidered center-piece on the table and pulled the table mirror on the floor. When she saw that the cherished mirror had a great crack through the center of its polished surface she began to sob.

When Mr. Scott came home about a half hour later he found his wife in a dejected little heap on the floor with a black and blue elbow and the costly mirror laying beside her. He needed no explanation but divined the whole story at once and did his best to comfort his sorrowful little wife.

"Don't cry, Gertie," he pleaded, "it's too bad but it can't be helped. I guess Aunt Deborah's mirror taught us a lesson, all right, that we will never forget. I believe she sent us that mean old mirror just to see if we really would go beyond our means. Anyway let's sit down and write our confession to Aunt Deborah."

"Oh no, let's not John, because it's all my fault; it was I that wanted to get all those new things and wasn't satisfied with our own little home just as it was. Oh dear I'm so ashamed," sobbed Gertrude as she hid her face in John's sympathetie coat sleeve.

"There, there, little girl, don't worry, it's all right now and we'll have this a little secret, all of our own. We will send all those mean old things back in the morning, and put that mirror away and keep it, to gaurd against future temptations.

Helen Garber, '11

The Divided House.

Mr. John and Mrs. Joanna Elmore had one tremendous quarrel and agreed to divide the house.

Mr. John was forty and Mrs. Joanna thirty-six when they fenced themselves in with the bonds of matrimony and retired into the country to the handsome little cottage John had bought. But they had lived so long in a simple state with no one to say, "Why do you do so?" that each had a decided opinion of their own, in fact, they were as obstinate as pigs.

For six years of their married life not a day had passed without a quarrel. A fine example to set before their twin children, John and Joanna, Jr. All they cared for was their own way. They had not married to become slaves.

When they first moved into the little cottage John had a well dug. John wanted the water to be drawn up by an old fashioned sweep while Joanna wanted a windlass. The difference about this well was a standard cause for a quarrel and when all other subjects failed they had it to fall back on. The consequence was that for six years no water had been drawn from the well but they carried what they needed fro neighbors.

At last they agreed to divide the house. Mrs. Elmore took the front part and the boy, and Mr. Elmore took the back part and the girl. The doors between them were nailed shut and the boy and girl visited back and forth but John and Joanna never did. Perhaps this was better than quarreling but one would have thought that with such a deep mutual aversion they would have obtained a divorce. It is true they met every Sunday at church but they occupied different ends of the same pew with their children sitting between them.

The parson could do nothing to reconcile them and for six months they lived in this fashion when one day John's cousin, Henry Perkins from a distant town came to see him. Mr. Perkins was a good-hearted young married fellow and when he saw how matters stood he tried to better them but it was useless.

"I am determined to die alone in my apartments before I will give in," said John. "We can't live together without quarreling and I am always in the right."

Henry went around to the other part of the house but Mrs. Joanna was equally stubborn. "I haven't been as happy since I was married as I have been these last six months," she said.

"But I should think you would feel lonesome, Mrs. Elmore, living so near your husband and never having his company." "He is too much company," she said sadly, "I felt as if I was in a mob every day when we were living together. We probably would feel better living farther apart, but—" "You might get jealous of him," suggested Mrs. Perkins. "Oh no! not that, but I want to see what he is going to do with that well."

At that moment Perkins saw the little girl who lived with her father peeking in the front window and then she ran hurriedly away.

"Johnny," said his mother, "run and see what your father's doing and then come back and tell me but don't let him see you." And Johnny ran to do as he was told.

Finding it useless to try and effect a reconciliation as matters now stood, Perkins bade them farewell and returned home to tell his wife the doings of this peculiar couple. "I don't believe they hate each other as much as they think," he said, "but I know of only one way that might succeed with them. With your aid it might be tried, Fanny."

"And what is it, pray?"

Perkins answered in such an undertone it was impossible to know what he said, but it must have been something funny the way his wife laughed. "Let's do it," she said, "it will be fine." On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Perkins paid a visit to the Divided House, but Mr. Perkins did not call on his cousin or make himself visible to that side of the house. He went straight to see Mrs. Elmore and went alone.

On the other hand Mrs. Perkins went alone to see Mr. Elmore and introducing herself sat down with a dejected air and announced that she was jealous of her husband.

"Impossible ma'm. Perkins would never give you cause to be jealous of him."

"Oh, do you think so? He thinks entirely to much of Mrs. Elmore and pays too many visits to her for my peace of mind."

"Mrs. Elmore! Why bless you ma'am, he couldn't see her without my knowledge."

"Couldn't he though? you dear deceived man," said Mrs. Perkins putting her hands in affected agony on his shoulders. "He is at this moment visiting your wife by stealth. He is there now making love to her."

"Impossible! Joanna run and see," The little girl ran around and soon returned reporting that, "Somebody was sitting very close to mother with her hand in his talking very earnestly.

"Good gracious! exclaimed Elmore. "Oh my dear Joanna! is this your love for me. Don't hold me Mrs. Perkins. I'll dash his brains out."

In the meantime Mr. Perkins had succeded in planting the thorns of jealously in the bosom of Mrs. Elmore by a similar process. "He was jealous of his wife," he said, "he had tracked her to the house. Let Johnny run around and see." "Here Johnny! No, I'll go myself" she exclaimed rushing out wildly and followed by Perkins. "The idea to interfere with our family difficulties. Oh, what will become of me?"

She did not stop to answer her own question for looking through her husband's window she saw him, to her horror, struggling with a young woman and half crazy with jealousy she burst in the door and almost fainted away as he spread out his arms to receive her, having disengaged himself from Mrs. Perkins who had played her part to perfection.

"Oh you faithless man! Oh John!" cried the jealous and repentant wife. "Oh Joanna, Joanna! who'd a thought this of you?" he cried, trembling with strange emotions.

The charms had worked. The shrewd plan of Henry Perkins had successfully called in an extraordinary reconciliating agent—even jealousy. And after the couple had become sufficiently softened with sobs and embraces Mr. Perkins entered into an explanation which set all things right.

The five minutes jealousy which they had endured proved to them there was plenty of love existing between them to begin a new course of life upon, and John to prove he intended to be more yielding in the future had a windlass prepared for the well the next day.

Long may they drink from the bucket.

Iva Smith, '08.

The Freshies Party.

The Freshies had a party
Some weeks ago they say,
They all came marching in by twos
So innocent and gay.

'Twas their very first experience
Of having "dates" at night,
There were no "lemons" for dessert
They did not think it right.

At first they knew not what to do
So sat around and stared
'Cept one big boy, a preacher's son
Who flirted all he dared.

And soon by his example,
They were not quite so shy,
And started out real swell-like
With "Wink 'Em on the Sly."

And then came "Snap and Ketch 'Em,"
O my, what joy, what bliss!
To run o'er all creation
And then to swipe a kiss.

They topped it off with "Post Office"
The game thats always in,
There's nothing else can teach so well
The beginner how he should begin.

We're glad to see you thus advancing
It doesn't pay to wait too late
A starter's all you need, my dears
To save you from the "Singular" state.

Reminiscences of An Alumnus.

As an Alumnus of B. H. S., I am glad to know that the loyalty to our Alma Mater has again manifested itself by the issuance of this, another, Annual.

In 1900 under the stress of many difficulties the first Tropaeum (Emblem of Victory) was given to the public. This, so far as I know, was the first effort, in this direction, made by any class of our schools. After repeated discouragements we applied our motto "Inveniam Viam Aut Faciam" and a generous public said we were successful. Financially we "won out" for, after the payment of all indebtednes, 30 cents remained to our credit with which the class, 13 in number, had a grand(?) "blow out."

The Editors of this, the second, Tropaeum have profited by our experiences and errors as is shown by this clever little book and they should certainly be congratulated upon the success of their work.

The advance in athletics in B. H. S. is very pronounced. In the Fall of '99 the first foot-ball team was organized. No especially brilliant victories are credited to them yet in the one year they did faithful and excellent work. They were the beginners—the stepping stones by which the succeeding elevens have gone to the goal of victory. A marked feature of the work of the Butler team is "the square deal." Their methods are noticeably honorable and upright.

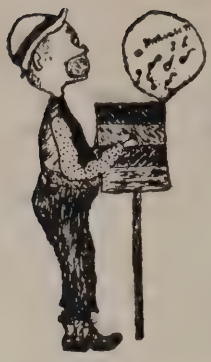
While strolling thru the commodious new school house, a few days ago, I contrasted the conveniences and accomodations of this modern building with those of the ancient one whose roof sheltered us during the years of our school life and I came to the conclusion that the luxuries afforded by the old building were a trifle on the minority side.

Many of us were loth to see those old walls torn down, which for nearly forty years had echoed the voices of the Butler youths who came there to gratify their desire for knowledge. For most of us those old rooms fostered memories of pleasures as well as "pain," yet, the loss of the old is fully compensated for, by the upbuilding of the new, and its comforts should act as a stimulus to the students who are so fortunate as to call it their home for the greater part of the week.

The Butler schools have sent into the world men and women who have filled positions of worth and responsibility. May the students, of the present, so improve their opportunity as to excel those of the past.

Perhaps in a few years the members of this class of '08 will look back, as I have tonight, with pleasant memories of their school days and almost wish they were again busy, with their books, within the walls of our dear old B. H. S.

Josephine Hawkins, '00.



GRINDS

Mr. Bean (speaking of the first debate with Auburn) "Auburn selected their debators from the brightest scholars in the High School but we—(laughter)—well I won't say any more."

The Owl—"Hoo! Hoo!"

Ethel N.—"Why–er–its only Hubert, ma; did you want us?"

Doctor—"How about that mustard plaster I prescribed for your husband?"

Mrs. Grogan—"Shure, docthor, Oi couldn't make Moike ate more nor th' half ar' it."

Mr. Austin (Speaking of diamonds mined in South Africa.) "When a man quits working in a diamond mine they make him change his clothes before he comes out, and also examine his mouth and throat to see if he has concealed any about his person."

Bright G. O.—"I would swallow them."

When asked by her teacher to discribe the backbone, a little school girl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."

A stuttering man was once arraigned before a magistrate.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"S–s–s–sis–sis--s," hissed the stutterer.

"His name is Sisson," interrupted the policeman who had made the arrest, "he stutters."

"So it seems," said the magistrate, "What's he charged with?"

"I don't know, your Honor," said the policeman, "it seems to be soda water."

Jack---"She do not always does, do she?"

Cleve—"What are you looking for, Bromo?"

V. P.—"Some devil took my dudad!"

Besse (in Auburn Debate) "This would be true if it were so, but it isn't."

Dolly K. (translating German) "He went down a long corduroy."

'Lectricity, 'Lectricity
When you get 1000 volts
And it won't let loose its holts
'Lectricity, 'Lectricity.
Volts and amperes likewise ohms
'Lectricity.

Besse (when she sees Cleve accidentally (?) put his arm around Mildred) "Why, Cleve, you naughty boy, shame on you!"

Cleve—"Aw, now, Besse, don't get jealous."

Mr. Austin, (explaining species and genus in Botany) "Your generic name is 'Wagoner' and your specific, 'Edith'."

One member of class aside to another, "Yes and she's a hot specimen!"

There's a dear little baby whom we all know well,
Who takes great delight in trying to tell
Everything that goes wrong in the B. H. S.
It's the sweetest baby, now I must confess.
This dear little pet when something goes wrong
Trots right to the teacher and sings out his song.
And tells everything that he possibly can
While the faculty calls him a brave little man.
Now my advice to this bunch of dew
Is to go to his mamma and start life anew.
And take up the bottle, the faker, and rings
And stick to this relish till he learns a few things.
And when he has outgrown these dear childish ways
Then return once again to enjoy the schools days,
And enter the room with his conscience quite clear
And his brain not fussed up with a tattling jeer.

Hired Girl—"How long do you want the eggs boiled?"

Mrs. New wife—"I don't know, Bridget, but I should think until tender."

Teacher—"Don't you think fighting is wicked?"

Harmon—"When I get licked."

Coy—"Did you tell your father, darling?"

Cleo—"I told him I was engaged, dear, but not to whom. He isn't well, and I thought I'd break it to him gradually."

Little Johnnie—"Say, pa, what is a football coach?"

Pa—"It must be a new name for an ambulance, my son."

Patsy—"Kin I stay home from school today, father, we're studying *Italics*, and I can't understand them?"

Parent—"Small wonder, lad. Shure Oi've been working tin years wid dagos, and can't understand thim mesilf."

Boozy---"Lady, an unfortunit man is goin' ter hev a funeral! Could you contribute five cents?"

Aunt Sally---"My poor man, here it is. When does the funeral take place?"

Boozy---"In about t'ree seconds, mum. I'm goin' inter Jim's hotel bar an' bury my face in a beer."

He held the maiden's hand and said,
"May I the question pop?"
She coyly bent her pretty head,
"You'd better question 'pop'."

Ethel (Three days after marriage)—"Aren't you sorry you gave up your bachelor freedom, dear?"

Rollo---"I should say not. Why, if you were to die tonight, I'd get married again tomorrow."

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of the Harlem river.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek! Geovam's stuck in da mud!"

"How far in?

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No! No! He no canna walk! He wronga end up!"

Albert E.---"Give me a kiss "

Tillie---"And what reason have you for wishing to kiss me?"

Albert (embarrassed)---"I had a reason, but I--er--have lost it."

Tillie---Then you'd better go. I couldn't think of kissing a boy who had lost his reason."

Ross F.---"Here is where some learned professor tells us that the eating of onions brings us nearer to the spark of love."

Jack---"But what good is the spark of love when the eating of onions keeps all the girls away?"

The one---"Where are you from, stranger?"

The other---"I'm from Butler."

The one---"Shake! I'm glad to meet a sensible man."

The other---"How do you know I'm sensible?"

The one---"The fact that you are from Butler proves it. Otherwise you would be there yet."

Monkey, monkey, a bottle of beer,
How many monkeys are there here?
Chuck, Jakie, and Bromo dear
Also "Post" acts awful queer.

Customer---"By the way, what is the proper thing in hats this summer?"

Smart clerk---"Brains."

M. P. K. was sitting with her feet out in the aisle, chewing away at a big wad of gum, when Mr. Austin said, "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Butler, Ind. Jan. 6, 1915.

Dr. M. S. Stone,

Dear Sir:—After taking five gallons of your electric bitters, I now have electric lights.

Yours truly,

H. K. Tess (Banker.)

Jannet, (listening to the bleat of a baby lamb). O, dear, I don't like the birds you have out here in the country."

Great reward offered for any one who can make Grace L., the most studious of students, whisper.

O, Joe is the biggest grind of them all,
He's one solid joke from beginning to end.
He jokes with his work, he jokes with his play,
He jokes when the frown of the Prof. doth impend.

Light hearted and happy he stumbled thru life---
A cigar in the future works wonders with him.
He will stay the bell-rope when the "tardy" should ring.
That the lamp of our records may not grow dim.

He's an ideal janitor---this we declare,
And if Joe should depart and leave us alone,
How in the Dickens we'd manage to scramble
Out of our scrapes, is a mystery unknown.

PROBLEMS.

1. Given Ethel Higley late to school. Prove she stood before her mirror too long.

2. Given "Blondie" Mason. Prove the doors have to be made higher to let her thru.

3. Given John Blaker and an interesting book. Prove (if you think it isn't impossible) that he had his Geometry lesson.

4. Given Mr. Austin and a telescope. Prove to him that he has not found a new planet.

5. Given "Sunshine F" on a tennis court. Prove that he plays a love game.

DEFINITIONS.

Spinal cord---Something that runs through you. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other.

An umbrella---A fair and foul weather friend,, who has many ups and downs in the world.

A jury---A body of men organized to find out which side has the cleverest lawyer.

Charity Soup---A quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it strong.

Dust---Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Wakefulness---Your eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.

A Hero---One who after warming his enemies is toasted by his friends.

Responsibility---Suppose I had only two buttons on my trousers and one came off, all the responsibility would be on the other button.

UNCLASSIFIED ADS,

Wanted by J. M.---a mirth suppressor.

Wanted.---A dye that will gradually turn red hair black. Apply to H. F.

Wanted.---A position with big pay, short hours, little work and an easy chair. "Preach" Parker.

Use B. L. W.'s original "Hair Frizzler." None perfect without the signature "B. L. W."

Wanted---Something to make Mabel Mutzfeld laugh or whisper.

Wanted by a Freshmen class; a good sense of humor and a rapid method of "getting wise," preferably by correspondence.

Found by upperclassman on Freshman side of Assembly room, one rattle box, badly bitten, but still in condition for use. The initials on it are R. A. or R. H.

Wanted by Harry Wilson,---Miss Armstrong's good will. Will pay any price.

Lost,---by Vern Pifer, one paste-board geometric figure. Return to this office and receive reward. No questions answered.

Wanted by Robert Brown, a small inconspicuous, but durable megaphone for use in Latin class.

Wanted by Sophomore class, an odor eradicator.

Wanted by Prof. Bean, a school that has a large amount of self-control.

Wanted by Harris D., a girl who wont hand him a lemon.

Anyone finding a direct way to Mars, report to Mr. Austin.

For Sale---By Hubert F., a large amount of bottled hot air.

Wanted,---a minature looking glass, that can be easily adjusted. For further information see Ethel H.

Wanted by Ralph Wells, a position where his lack of sense will not be exposed.

EXCHANGES

A really pious girl when kissed on one cheek will turn the other.

Of all glad words
Ever uttered by man
The gladdest are these
"I'm exempt from exam."

"Alas," confessed the penitent man, "In a moment of weakness I stole a car-load of brass fittings."

"In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge, "What would you have stolen if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"

Don't marry for money but never let money stand in the way of a girl's happiness.

Say, here's a simple truth you may
Rely upon my friend,
A mule's headquarters as they say
Is not his "business" end.

Prof. "Define vacuum."
Senior. "Just wait a moment. I have it in my head."

Teacher. "Did Martin Luther die a natural death?"
Pupil. "No. He was excommunicated by a Bull."

"How will you have your eggs?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the price of em?" asked the customer with the brimless hat.

"No."

"Then cook them on top a large slice of ham," replied the man with a sigh of relief.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned, now what could you do
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
"Let us fly," said the flea,
So they flew thru a flaw in the flue.

Which is better, a diet of Worms or Frankforts?

Lives there a man with a soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
As in the dark he struck a chair,
"Golderned thing. Who put it there?

Mrs. Newbride—"You told me before you were married that you were well off."

Mr. Newbride—"I was but I didn't know it."

When a twister a twisting
Would twist him a twist,
To twist him a twist

He three twines doth entwist,
But when one of these twines
That he twisteth, untwists,
The twine that untwisteth,
Untwisteth the twist.

A pony in the class
Saves many a lass.

Teacher. "Use the word 'damper' in a sentence."
Johnny. "The teacher is damperticular."

"I'm sorry to do this," said Johnny, as he spread the jam on the cat's nose, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."

Freshie Year. "Comedy of Errors."
Sophie Year. "Much Ado about Nothing,"
Junior Year. "As You like It."
Senior Year. "All's Well that Ends Well."
Alumni. "Lest we Forget."

He bot a dark blue postage stamp,
This up-to-date young chap;
He rounded all the corners off
And wore it for a cap.

A MOSQUITO.

At last upon a Junior's head
He settled down to drill
He bored away for half and hour,
And then he broke his bill.

Little drops of gasoline, distributed with care,
Make a common coachman, smell like a millionaire.

"Now I lay me down to sleep
In my little bed
Exams begin to-morrow morn',
The sleepy Senior said.

"Now I lay me down to sleep
In my little bunk,
Hope I die before I wake
And thus escape a flunk."

Freshie---He knows not and knows not that he knows not.
Sophie---He knows not but knows that he knows not.
Junior---He knows and knows not that he knows.
Senior---He knows and knows that he knows.

Jan. 22. The Seniors have their first squabble.

Feb. 7. The Seniors had a sleigh ride party. It caused a great deal of commotion.

Mar. 6. The Debating team went to Auburn and won. Rah! for Butler.

Mar. 13. Everyone gets busy. Book reports due to-day. The Juniors had their pictures taken. It is reported that they ruined the camera.

Mar. 16. A High School Orchestra is organized.

Mar. 26. The Seniors decide upon their invitations. No class scraps.

Mar. 27. Hurrah, for a week of vacation.

Apr. 8. So-called "class spirit" is aroused by the boorish Sophomores.

Apr. 13. The Annual goes to press to-day. Halleluiah! clear the way.

ALUMNI.

'73 J. S. Otis, O. Z. Hubble, James Boyles.

'79 Christa Carpenter nee Blaker.

'80 W. D. Anderson, Irene Fralick nee Campbell.

'81 Hattie Aldrich nee Hanes, Eugene Pinchen.

'82 J. C. Oberlin, Detta Skinner nee Boland.

'83 Ida Hose nee Swartz, May Foreman, Grace Licknor nee Porter.

'84 M. F. Campbell.

'85 Benj. Hurrah, Lillian Goodsite nee Wanamaker, Eva Lower nee Coffrin, Geneveve Heywood, Agnes Plank.

'87 Dianna Hirchler, Netta Metzger, Minnie Diehl, Minnie Kehrer, Theo. Madden, Frank Kehrer.

'88 J. H. W. Krontz, Chas. Lingenfelter(deceased), Minnie Miller nee Uhlam, Naomi Parks nee Baxter, Aurilla Duncan nee Baxter, Blanche Felske nee Long, O. V. Baxter.

'90 H. S. Dills, Harry Cone.

'91 H. J. Vandusen (deceased), A. E. Leiter, Marguerite Boland(deceased), R. C. Campbell.

'92 Grace Eckhart nee Leiter, Dessa Harding nee Knisely, Alma Shaw nee Kehrer, Francis Brown, Lenore La Due nee Long, Samuel Walters, Frank Kinney, Frank Fanning, Herbert Mudd, Clara Planson nee Prosser, Lillian McDonald nee Uhlam, E. V. Campbell.

'94 Marguerite Morgan, Maude Brown nee Showalter, Nina Powers nee Jones.

'95 J. C. Blaker, Fannie Yates, Nora I. Brown, Byron Peppers.

'96 Mattie Lewis, Bertha Plowe nee Masters, Robert Coe, Bertha Creager nee Daily, Bessie Powers nee Stewart, Zella Phillips nee Zeigler, Bessie Hollinger nee Kester, Lanta Cather nee Kester, Ella Imhoff, Achasa Beechler.

'97 John Wagner, Warren Tinstman, Minnie Knisely nee Showalter.

'98 Dora Vernier nee Decker, Jasper L. Peppers, Eva Young nee Smith, Mable Hoke nee Rogers.

'99 Fannie Abrams, Harry Norford, Myrtle Decker, Charles Wagner, Roy Maxwell, Will Miller, Gladys Gratz, Geo. Greenwald, Irvin Funk, Gladys Stone, Glen Beechler, Laura Wilson, Mary Campbell nee Jones, Samuel Haverstock.

'00 Clarence Murch, Dick Weitz, James Diehl, Glen Bruce(deceased), Earl Lowe, Mae Murphy(deceased), Olive Coats nee Leiter, Lou Wise, Orton Tarbox, Hattie Brown, Jay Thompson, Minnie Dunn, Josie Hawkins.

'01 Lulu Keep nee Showalter, Jemima Swantusch nee Troyer.

'02 Cleo Boyle, Manton Bryant, Laura DeVinney.

'03 Edna Skelton, nee Henning, James Thomas, Edgar Worthington.

'04 Frank Long, Clyde Murphy, Belle Norford.

'05 Ross Boyle, Goldis Landis, Roy Oberlin, Mary Wyckoff.

'06 Muriel Baker, Clara Apt, Raymond Garber, Florence Ginder, Marion Dannells, Mabel Miller, Guy Firestone.

'07 Clela Funk, Rista Nimmons, Fred Tarbox, Boyd Wells, S. Ralph Wells, MaeWorthington.

A Fable.

Once upon a time there was a maple tree which grew in the woods. And one day in March a Farmer drove a hollow tube into it and sap ran out. And after a pailful had run out the Farmer came and put it over a fire to boil until it had turned a dark brown and then it was maple sugar. And it was sold to a dealer in confectionery and a certain Senior bought a large lump and took it to school, whereupon it was a temptation to him. His worthy teacher did proceed to find it out and did whip him soundly with a whip taken from the same maple tree.

Moral: Bitter and sweet may come from the same source.

John C. Blaker, '09.

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